

Murton resigns under pressure of SAC Report



Paul Murton: His Last Days.

By Allen Ross
Medium II Staff Reporter
Paul Murton submitted his resignation January 9, as Director of Radio Varsity. The resignation was in response to pressure following the report of a special committee studying alleged mismanagement within the radio and the lack of understanding on the part of SAC for the electronic media. The three man committee was organized in November following the much publicized resignation of Frank Cochrane as News Director for the radio. As a writer for the Varsity, Cochrane attacked Murton and SAC as incompetent in handling the radio's affairs.

Communications commissioner for SAC, Michael Sabia, last November expressed the desire to see that the situation was properly studied, especially in light of a pending FM licence for Radio Varsity. The committee confirmed the reports of Frank Cochrane claiming that Paul Murton was responsible for the "state of chaos" that now exists at the radio. The committee also said that SAC was partially to

blame due to the neglecting of its responsibilities to the radio. The 'neglect of responsibility' seems to be the budget of \$21,000 for the radio's operation, which the committee report claims is totally inadequate to the station's needs. Murton hastened to state that he did not resign because he was guilty of the charges put forth by the report. He claims that his reasons were strictly 'political' and in the best interests of the radio. In interviews with Murton in November he made it clear that he would avoid any direct conflict with Frank Cochrane because 'mudslinging' would not benefit the operation of Radio Varsity. Cochrane also retracted much of his comments, privately, on both Murton and SAC.

Murton first defended himself against charges before submitting his resignation. He approves much of what the report recommends but claims that a number of the recommendations are unrealistic in light of what SAC wants to spend.

He said that the accusations directed towards him are a result of the other flaws discovered by the committee. Had the recom-

mendations been implemented there would be no work overload or confusion about who is in charge. Such conditions, claims Murton "can only lead to chaos".

SAC now has two alternatives.

They can close the station for the balance of the year destroying the idea of an FM licence, or they can create an interim board of directors of SAC officials to decide on a manager for the rest of the year.



SAC Communication Commissioner, Michael Sabia.

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medium II

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Vol. 1 No. 14

At Erindale College of the University of Toronto

January 16, 1975

Sage misses bus with Transit Protest

By David Leslie
Assistant News Editor
Medium II

This week SAGE began an active campaign protesting the inept service being provided by Mississauga Transit.

Problems with the service came to a head when the Transit system initiated a shuttle service for the college from Erindale Station Road. Schedules were never correct leading to constant long waits in the cold by Erindalians.

Action should have been launched, by SAGE, back in November when an entire busload of Erindalians were made to walk to the college from Dundas and Mississauga Road. At that time the Transit system was attacked by this paper and by the Mississauga Times for the irresponsible action. SAGE chose to wait.

This week's protest was launched under a committee organized a few weeks ago at a SAGE council meeting. The "Bus Protest Committee" is headed by Neil Sherman, Chairman of SAGE council.

Mr. Sherman said that his committee "has decided to operate within the system rather than without. We are not going to get anyone's back up because then nothing will be accomplished."

Something has been accomplished. The return of Erindale College to the regular Dundas route, as well as the addition of a Streetsville line will come into effect February 10. SAGE met with Mississauga Transit officials after this decision had been made and could not persuade the Transit system to move the change-over date forward.

In a meeting between Principal Robinson, Mississauga Transit officials, SAGE representatives and Medium II, it was decided that the shuttle service be improved to last until the change-over date of February 10. Short turn buses leaving Islington station will be clearly marked, as well as shown on schedules to be posted at the college and at the Islington bus stop. Shuttle bus schedules will be changed to properly coincide with Dundas route bus. No one should be required to wait more than 7½ minutes at Erindale Station Road.

SAGE collected over one thou-

sand signatures with their letter blitz of Erindale-bound bus passengers. Each letter stated that passengers were dissatisfied with service and that Erindale College be put back on the regular route.

SAGE will present a brief to Mississauga City Council within the next two weeks. Neil Sherman explained that his committee first needs statistics provided by Medium II's referendum in this and last week's issues. Sherman also wants to present the City Council with some "personal" complaints of passengers rather than simply the College as one mass complaint.

The goal of the brief is to have Mississauga Transit provide "adequate" service to the college. In September of last year the transit population increased by 28 percent when Erindale College was added to the regular service. Since then the transit system has continually shown reluctance to provide that increase with any appreciable service. Sherman hopes to persuade City Council to provide one express bus to and from Islington station per hour during the rush-hours, as well as regular, on-schedule service as part of the Dundas route.

SAGE began preparing to confront the Transit situation when the shuttle service from Erindale Station Road was begun. Sherman stated that the change-over to shuttle service was done poorly by Mississauga Transit. It was to take effect December 9, which was the first day of the week of exams. No one had time to complain while preparing for exams. In most cases complaints waited until after the holiday when the route had been established for an entire month. No advertising of the change-over could be done by Medium II or SAGE as no statement was made by Mississauga Transit until December 4.

A petition was circulated before the end of term break by some concerned individuals. The petition received response from the Mayor of Mississauga on January 2.

Bus service is preventing the College from becoming a part of the Mississauga community.

No more pubs (Part Two)

By Michael Breiteneder
Medium II News Editor

The "Watering Hole," Erindale's campus pub, will be holding back its sale of beer for the next few weeks. This is due to the fact that the license is under review.

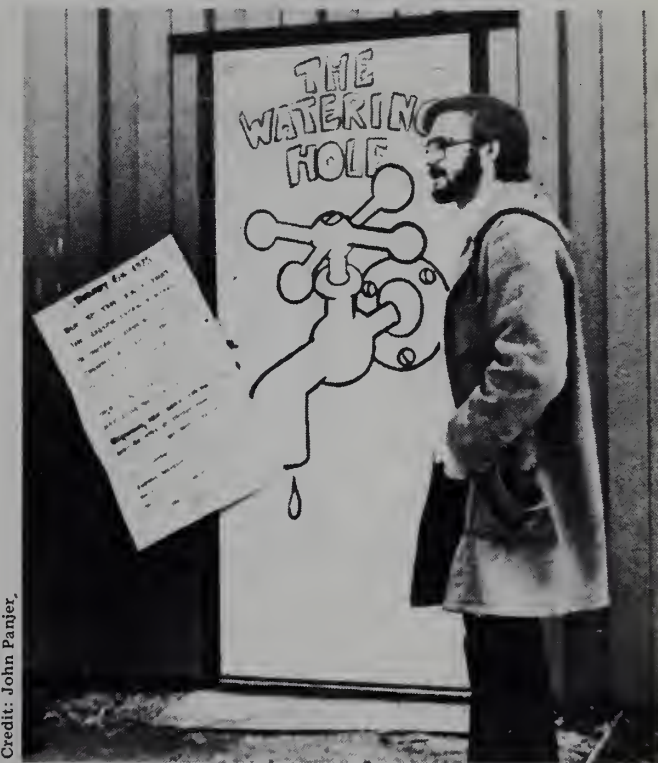
In an interview, Peter Smith, the Pub Manager, said that the pub could serve beer on a special occasion permit, however, the price of beer would have to rise (due to higher costs), therefore, it would not pay to run the pub.

According to SAGE, the Watering Hole has been operating at a loss during the first term. This is due to the fact that Mr. Smith has been operating the pub under a special occasion license. Under this license one keg of beer costs twice as much as it would under a permanent license. Once the permanent license is issued the pub should start to gain money.

However, it is felt by some that the closing will hurt more than help, especially so soon after the holidays. It is also felt by sources close to the pub that attendance will likely drop somewhat for the first few weeks of operation.

The controversy over the fact that the pub employees were not advised of the closing (according

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Credit: John Panter

Peter Smith's watering hole runs dry.

Self-Serve Gas Bars a Rip-off

By Isabel Rodrigues

Members of a Sociology class at Erindale College University of Toronto researched issues of possible consumer rip-offs. Their topic of concern was self-serve gas stations.

The large oil corporations pass on the excuse of high gasoline prices to the gas station dealer, who in turn, pass these prices on to the consumer corporations introducing and enforcing the self-serve gas bars. Ross Webb, an operator of a Gulf Oil gasoline station at 1498 Royal York Road, states "that the only intentions of the large oil companies are to increase their profits by decreasing costs of operating. He feels this is

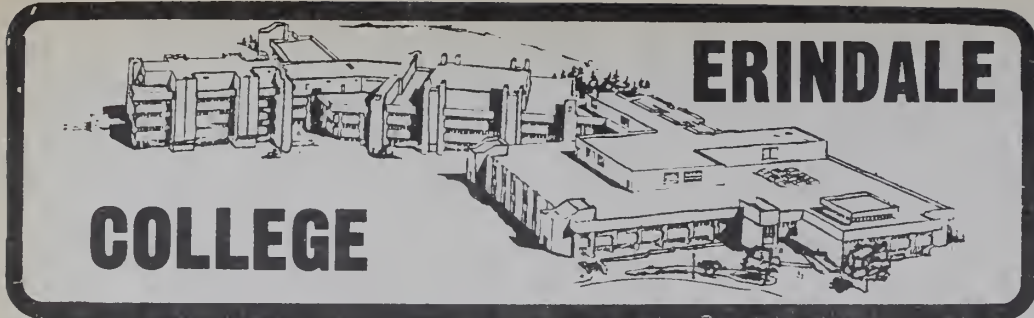
merely a method of manipulation of "the market place".

Imperial Oil representative Morris Crompton stated to members of the research group that "His company wants good service for the consumer." A consumer may go to these cheaper priced gas bars, but he must also consider the consequences. Shell spokesman Peter Koene stated that "within five years, a third of the Shell stations will be self-serve." With this increased specialized service, higher prices may be charged for their specialized service.

Well, a consumer might say to himself: "Why should I worry? I can pay lower prices at a local self-serve gas bar and have my car quickly serviced at a special-

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Gas Bars . . .

Continued from Page 1

ized service centre." But who is making the large profits, and how much control will they attain over us? Peter Story, a Sunoco dealer in Malton, stated to the research students that: "The large oil companies have tried to push the idea that the consumer wants self-serve, that he will save money from using them but yet we see in the Toronto area, that there is less than a one cent difference between the self-serve bars and the regular service station."

Another of the interesting facts that Mr. Story told was that "the only reasons the new self-serve gas bars are being introduced is because the oil companies want more profits and more control of the market."

Administrative supervisor of Shell Canada, Peter Koene also said that "pricing is up to the dealer by law and that the oil companies do not suggest that the service station dealers bring down their price to compete with self-serve stations."

Now this statement sounds very reasonable and convincing but Joe Guerrisi and Romualdo Leo, members of the sociology research group on consumer rip-offs, were told by Peter Story that "price fixing in some cases exists." A clear example of price fixing occurred, according to Peter Story to a Texaco dealer in his area.

"The Texaco dealer received a visit from a representative of the Texaco oil company and advised the dealer to lower the price of his gasoline. The dealer paid no attention to the suggestion. A week following the first visit, the oil company representative returned, and forced the gasoline dealer to lower his price of gasoline from 70.9c per gal. to 63.9c per gal. He was billed for the sign that the representative forcibly displayed on the lot." This example of price fixing illustrated to the researchers the position the oil companies put the dealers in.

By suffering such a loss in profits as a result of lowered pump prices, the dealer has to make up this loss. This is done by raising the prices in the bay. Therefore, the dealer is passing on the effects of his forced lower profits caused by the oil company's self-serve station on to the Canadian consumer.

The corporations see self-serve gasoline stations as a growing trend. Mr. Morris Crompton of Imperial Oil stated that 25 percent of Imperial Oil stations will be self-serve. Shell Oil representative Peter J. Koene stated that one third of Shell stations will be self-serve within the next five years.

At the present time, a gasoline war exists. Shell oil spokesman

P. J. Koene claims that by next year, when the price war will have levelled off, gas will remain from two to three cents cheaper at self-serve stations.

By going to the self-serve stations, the consumer is enjoying a mild savings by sacrificing automotive services. In a conversation with Ross Webb, a Gulf dealer in the research group was told that the corporation is cleverly forcing the consumer out of his vehicle to pump his own gas, to check his oil and to wipe his own windshield for the low price offered at the self-serve station.

The self-serve stations are forcing the consumer to be second rate gas attendant. At the same time, the oil corporations are insisting that the consumer wants self-serve, yet research members Louise Wolfram, and Heather Gillett were made aware of the fact that no survey or poll had been taken to see whether or not the public were in favor of pumping their own gas.

The consumer, who makes up the majority of the population, is the recipient of abuse. His ignorance of the situation is no excuse, however, this ignorance is resulting in his being taken advantage of.

Whether he is put in this binding situation unconsciously or not, he must have a willingness to change it.

Esso spokesman Morris Crompton said to the researchers, that "dealers sell their gas at whatever the traffic will bear."

Bob Pyke, a Sunoco dealer at 255 Rexdale Blvd. and provincial vice-president of the Ontario Retail Gasoline Association attacked this statement by saying "oil companies sell the gasoline to themselves by way of company owned self-serve stations. They in turn, are able to sell the gas at a low price. Losses incurred at this low retail price will not effect the oil corporation because they are making enormous profits at the wholesale level. Losses incurred at the retail end are tax deductible."

"For the corporation gasoline is the main money maker. For the gasoline station dealer it is a drawing card which brings the motorist to the station, for there the motorist can avail himself of the automotive services available. Therefore, the advantage to the dealer if he sells the gasoline as the "door opener" supplements the mechanical repairs that are personally performed and offered at regular gasoline stations."

A conclusion that the research group has come up with is that the new self-serve stations are the latest gimmicks of the oil companies to further their sales

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SCIENCE FICTION

by Geoffrey Kavanagh

Bradbarian Future Shock: Part One

by Geoff Kavanagh

In Ray Bradbury's work we see several themes that are consistent. In fact we can divide his work into several groups of stories each of which has its own theme. Although several of these cannot be considered science fiction, this is one group which can. This collection of stories, probably the most interesting in terms of science fiction, is that which eventually culminates with the novel *Fahrenheit 451*. These stories show a society which has several distinctive characteristics. It is first of all a depersonalized society; a feature caused by increasing mechanization and communication. Another characteristic is that the government of this society would like to have its people forget their past and live only in the present. Along with this last idea there is also the idea of forbidden knowledge; a knowledge that would help the people realize the state they are in. Not all of these elements occur in each of the works that will be mentioned but it is clear that there is a gradual build-up of this society and its characteristics.

The first story where there is mention of this society is in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" published in 1947. The hero of this tale finds that a future civilization is trying to contact him. When he establishes contact with the person at the other end he finds that the society is ruled by dictatorship and fear. In fact the people at the other end have been imprisoned to stop their experiments in communications across time (this is forbidden knowledge). We have here also a due as to where Bradbury got the idea for this society. Throughout the story the hero, a writer by the way, mentions Hitler and his tyranny (book burning also comes to mind with this situation). The rest of the plot centers on the plea for help that comes from the future, specifically that the hero destroy the ancestors of the future tyrant, and the hero's problems in accomplishing this feat. Although this work is not quite as memorable as Bradbury's later

ones it is interesting in that it provides us with the first glimpse of a typically Bradburian society that condones tyranny and suppression of knowledge. We see also a hint of a warning about what our future world may evolve into.

The next story of this type is "Pillar of Fire" (1948). Here we see the first fully developed view of the Fahrenheit 451 society. In fact echoes of this tale come strongly through into *Fahrenheit 451*. This work concerns a man who comes to life 416 years after he has died. As is usual with Bradbury, he does not try to explain the scientific aspect of this; instead he uses it as a means to an end. The hero finds himself coming into a mechanized and sterile world. We find a picture of a society that has wiped out fears and emotion. There is no more fear of superstition, no fear of darkness, even death is no longer frightening. All human emotion in fact seems sterilized. Funerals are gay matters in which the person is cheerfully burned as happy relatives watch. Bradbury in this respect uses Huxley's idea from *Brave New World*, that of the giant crematorium where even in death a person provides a final service. The plot of the story follows the hero's attempts to wreak destruction on this world by destroying the incinerators and instilling fear. He soon realizes that there is no more fear in this society and that his efforts are doomed. The final scene is perhaps one of the most memorable in all of Bradbury's short stories. Here he borrows directly from Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado". The hero has been subdued and imprisoned in a casket and is about to be consumed by the flames; he starts reciting the names of some of the great literary works of imagination and fantasy. He has tried to be the memory of the past and this society will do to him as it does with all things from the past. It will burn him. His last words, as he finally realizes this with terror, are "For the love of God Montressor! For the love of God!" There is also a strong

suggestion here of Poe's "Premature Burial". One final comment about this story; it also introduces Bradbury's version of the car of the future (which becomes increasingly important in other stories) the "beetle".

The next story, "Concrete Mixer" (1949) is only indirectly concerned with the Bradburian society. It is actually an early part of his Martian series. What is interesting about this work is the use of cars and the recklessness of people in their use of them. In *Fahrenheit 451* Bradbury also mentions recklessness in driving as one of the ways society relieves tensions, sometimes with fatal results. In fact Montag is almost killed at one point by joy seeking youngsters in a car. This idea comes directly from the earlier "Concrete Mixer", here the hero (in this case a martian) also has an encounter with an automobile. One that could be fatal.

Another indirect link to *Fahrenheit 451* is found in one of Bradbury's better known short works, "The Veldt" (1950). This story shows his increasing concern with mechanization in society and its effects on people. The story follows an average couple and their children and their increasing reliance on mechanical time savers. The most important time saver is the nursery which is capable of reproducing the children's fantasies on screens. This is quite similar to the idea of the screens in Montag's living room, which hold the average person to it like a moth to a light. The parents discover that the nursery has become stuck in a rut, it always produces the same images. Those of the African feldt. After having discovered this the parents confront the children who deny that these are their fantasies. Unable to prove that the children are lying, the parents decide on a different course of action. They decide to try and live without the mechanical devices in the house. This of course produces another confrontation between parents and children. In this story Bradbury shows us another of his attributes, gained perhaps from Wells (or Poe), his ability to produce horror in the most ordinary of circumstances. The two children are described as having, "cheeks like peppermint candy, eyes like bright blue agate marbles," in other words perfectly harmless normal children. Yet throughout the story we get the feeling that they are capable of mischief. We are never directly told the fate of the parents; however it is too easily inferred. The final lines of the story show the daughter calmly offering a cup of tea to a visitor. The predominant theme of this tale is, that man may not always be able to control his creations (echoes of *Frankenstein*) and that perhaps one day they will control him.

In "The Exiles" (1950) we once again see the society of *Fahrenheit 451* more directly. This work is a superb combination of the ideas from the Bradburian society and the fantasy elements of his Mars stories. The exiles of the title are the great writers of fantasy and horror. Their last nebulous existence is on Mars where they are kept alive by the few sparks of fear, superstition and joy that their works cause on earth. Their souls have been brought to life (in the same way as the hero of "Pillar of Fire") by the burning of their books. These exiles have a profound hatred (except Charles Dickens who denies that he should be with the rest of them) for the people on earth. In contrast to this we have the clean cut, antiseptic, sterile-minded spacemen produced by society. These men, just like the rest of their world, no longer know what fear is. (I sometimes wonder if the title of the story has a double meaning. Perhaps this future society has exiled itself from emotion). The exiles on mars try to defeat the spacemen with all their resources, some of them quite terrible. Once again, like the hero of "Pillar of Fire", they cannot defeat the astronauts because they no longer fear, fear.

Cont'd next week

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PEABODY

by Peabody

ON INTOLERANCE

Peabody didn't like last week's column. For one who cries out for honesty that is a little surprising. I called him a hypocrite which he liked even less and then he grumbled something to the effect of why was he such an idiot to let an engineer write his column for him. Unluckily, he didn't go back on his word, but he made me swear, under pain of death, not to write about him.

I guess he felt he wasn't as interesting as he thought he was. So, again I am stuck with writing a column of which I have little feeling for. Still when I do something I try to do my best. I only hope I won't bore you.

My philosophy is a little different from my late lamented friend's. He's too tough on people, he expects them to do their best at all times. What an impossibility. People are too full of themselves to give their all, in every situation. I tend to give people a little credit. Maybe they have a headache today, or their girlfriends wouldn't open up, some silly excuse that gives them the right to be irritable. I think that is something that Peabody refuses to realize. Nevertheless, how tolerant are we of other people. This person has a funny walk, that person lisps, this person is fat, that one has pimples. No, I couldn't say that we are the personification of tolerance. But who the hell wants to be tolerant? I'm sick of having tolerance shoved down my throat, at every opportunity. Lookit, if everybody was tolerant, things would be a bloody bore. You can't have love without hate, so I am now instructing you, under my own personal guidelines, you have my permission to go out and hate as much as you like. Be intolerant, it builds character.

Peabody is probably screaming at the top of his lungs. I can't help it. I like being in-

tolerant. All you artsies out there, you are nothing but a bunch of commie-pinko-faggot-agitators. Why can't you understand that it is science that is going to rule the world, not your pseudo-intellectualism. You are going to hide your heads in the morals of thinking while me and my fellow engineers are going to end up ruling the world. And then you will see intolerance. This earth has no more room for people who don't perform some important kind of function. And what function, all you religionenglishspanishitalian-philosophy majors, are you going to perform? Answer me that question?

So, I think we have every right to be as intolerant as we wish. Not that I am talking about any kind of master race, don't get me wrong. You can't have genius without stupidity. We'll save a few, just to give us the proper perspective on things. And we'll have to have a few underachievers so there can be people who produce. I really think that this is very simple. You keep a few who are misfits, so that the rest of the world can benefit from their essential ineptitude.

What you are saying now is that I am crazy, preaching this Hitlerite philosophy. And I really do find it strange that this engineer is preaching any kind of philosophy, instead of talking sex or numbers. But let's get down to brass tacks. If we want any kind of perfection at all we have to sneer at imperfection. That's basic. Intolerance is perfectly suitable in this day and age. We cannot have inefficiency because we will not be able to survive. Get it? Survival of the fittest.

Do me a favour. Go out and sneer at the first person who strikes you weird. He may not benefit from it, but you certainly will. Be selfish and hate. You'll be the one who ends up alive.

CONSPECTUS

by John Challis

"Vasectomy . . . Is it your bag?"

The youth of today are more sexually aware than those of any other generation. They realize now more than ever, the joy of the union of two people, the beauty of exploring the senses, in the ultimate expression of love—blowing your rocks.

Because of this tendency, there has been a growing need to educate today's young about the problems inherent in such innocent acts of love. One such problem has been already dealt with quite efficiently. Today the word on venereal disease has been spread to the point where V.D. has been brought down to mere epidemic proportions. However, little attention has been paid to the problem of birth control. Do the youth of today really know enough about it? Do they even know what makes babies? For the past few nights, I have been having some really weird dreams about gonads hanging from chandeliers, and it has got me to thinking about a new frontier in the regions of birth control; vasectomy. Little to nothing is known by the public about vasectomy. As a result, it has become shrouded in mysteries and rumours. Stories of people's voices rising three octaves after the operation, or men forced to walk bow-legged for the rest of their lives have made many a man shy away from what could have changed his life for the better.

To clear up all these myths about vasectomy, I went to see Dr. Leopold Welby, a noted authority on the subject, in an exclusive interview for Medium II. Here, then is that interview.

Medium II: Dr. Welby, could you just explain what a vasectomy is?

Dr.: Do you have an appointment? I don't see anyone without an appointment.

Medium II: Well, I'm not here

for a check-up or anything, I'm actually doing an article for . . .

Dr.: I make house-calls without an appointment. Would you like me make a house call? Mind you, I charge more. . .

Medium II: Actually, I'd like to ask you a few questions about vasectomy.

Dr.: Oh, vasectomy! I'm very quick. \$400.00, bring your own scissors if you like, and your friends can watch from the doorway—sort of natural birth style.

Medium II: Uh, right, Doctor, just what is a vasectomy?

Dr.: What?! You mean you want one and you don't even know. . .

Medium II: You don't understand. I'm just doing an article for Erindale College's fine newspaper.

Dr.: Oh, I see. . . Do you have an appointment? I've asked you that, haven't I? Never mind, then. An interview, eh? Gee. . . Well, I'm a member in good standing of the Canadian Amateur Golfer's Association. I'm a very good golfer. Would you like to see my trophies?

Medium II: Actually I'd like to know about vasectomies.

Dr.: Oh, that's my specialty. The operation itself is really quite simple. I simply hack out those little tubes down there so that all those nasty little impregnators can't even get out of your body. Leaving you free to screw around at will.

Medium II: Is it painful?

Dr.: As a member of the C.A.G.A., you have my word that you wouldn't feel a thing. Mind you, it would be advisable to leave off with the tit 'n' bum for a few days afterwards.

Medium II: Can it affect you in other ways?

Dr.: Well I've noticed it does shorten your backswing a bit.

Continued on page 5

ACKSLINE

by Daniel Acks

A Christmas Saga: Part 2

A Christmas Saga: Part 2

I left off my tale just as Mike and I were sitting in this diner, sipping our substitute cranberry cocktails, and pondering some fairly profound questions. Incidentally, I would like to thank all of you who took time out to read the conclusion to my story. And to those of you who aren't reading right now, I just hope that second essay is worth it.

Mike and I finally made it into Miami with, unbelievably, no further mishaps. We reached our motel at 5.30 a.m. Now, when you travel to Miami, it is important to take note of two things: First and foremost is how you're going to leave that god-forsaken place, and secondly, where you're going to stay once down there.

The beach is bullshit. No one would want to sleep on it, unless you enjoy using a Budweiser beer can as a pillow, or a horny crab as a bed-partner.

No, the only place to sleep in Florida, is a motel. However, make sure the motel you're staying at is nicer than the beach out back. If not, you are in trouble.

Mike and I were in trouble. The brochure we obtained advertised twin luxurious beds, shower, air conditioning and colour T.V.

The beds were twin alright, both similarly lousy. The shower had no nozzle and all that came out was a thin stream that reminded us, uncomfortably of someone pissing. The motel owner's idea of conditioning the air was to spray the room with Florit.

We never did see the T.V. Despite these inconveniences, we both gracefully accepted the

room, since we were tired as hell.

Two hours later. . . heading towards the beach. Air mattress, Coppertone, sunglasses, all typical. Feeling really hot—looking forward to diving in that invigorating surf.

As Mike and I approached the beach, we noticed a big sign posted in the sand:

DANGER: MAN OF WAR

SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK.

"I didn't know the army was out on manoeuvres today?"

"They're not Mike. Man of War are those blue and pink bubbles on the sand."

"Hey, they don't look so dangerous. . ."

"Mike, don't touch it, no. . ."

"SH-I-I-I-T."

After we came back from the hospital, Mike didn't feel much like swimming, so we decided to sun ourselves instead.

We greased up with tanning lotion. Then, feeling like two greek gods, we strutted on down to the beach.

Now, when a person is covered entirely in shiny Coppertone, and decked out in some shades, he looks pretty fine.

Until he sits down in the sand. It seems that one of the properties of sun tan lotion is that it attracts millions of those little buggers.

Which happened in our case. So, there we were. Two pale-skinned shiny jerks, covered from nose to ass in sand, wearing sunglasses and trying to act nonchalant. I can assure you, it is extremely difficult, especially when those fine grains of sand have worked themselves into the wrong places.

medium 11

Men use thought only to justify their wrong-doing, and words only to conceal their thoughts.

Dialogue 14,
Le Chapon et la Poularde
Francois Voltaire



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High marks in Arts and Science could be justified

The University of Toronto in its assault on inflation has decided to deflate marks in the Faculty of Arts and Science. So be prepared to say goodbye to those B's you've worked so hard for. According to the Faculty of Arts and Science Report you should be getting C's and should be quite content with it as C's should be "acceptable and respectable." The Report proposes lowering mean grades by almost 10 per cent.

One of the first departments to act on the Report has been the Combined Department of French. This department has decided to compromise on the Report recommendation by instituting a policy to lower marks by 3 per cent over the next two years. Other departments will undoubtedly follow.

What is the concern over marks? "Marks have been spiralling upwards." We get back to the same old story of U. of T. being concerned about its standards.

The peculiar thing about this entire issue is that with all the reports and studies going on at this university, no one has decided to investigate why marks have been going up.

Are the professors and T.A.'s who evaluate the students getting more lenient?

Are students, on the average, getting smarter, perhaps more aware, spending more time on their studies?

Is there perhaps a different type of student attending universities in the '70's than there were in, say, the Sixties?

Although the Report seems to quietly assume the first to be the case (regardless of the bad

reflection on university staff), must this necessarily be so? Could it not be possible for a combination of the latter three to cause the average marks to rise.

In the Sixties university campuses were the sites of the social revolution. Students occupied much of their time with demonstrations, sit-ins and inevitably the discussion of these. In the seventies there appears to be a trend towards studiousness. This trend has been sensed by several professors who have experienced both eras on campus. Could it not be possible that due to this trend marks have gone up?

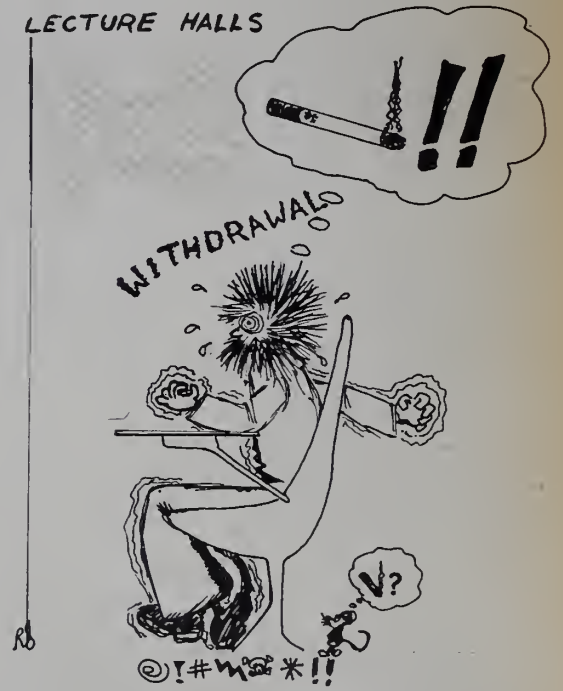
Also in the sixties, everyone seemed to be attending university, often with no better reason except "It was the thing to do." At the beginning of the seventies universities experienced another trend. Not everyone wanted to go to university any more. Many people were opting for work after high school and many more for the new job-oriented community colleges which sprang up everywhere at the start of this decade. Many universities faced huge drops in enrolment. Who were these people who still opted for university? Could it not be that they were genuinely interested in what the university had to offer? Could it also not be that this change produced higher average marks in the university of the seventies?

To be entirely fair to the students of this university whose futures are potentially being tampered with, and to the professors and T.A.'s who are being discredited by the insinuations that they have become very lenient, a complete study into WHY average marks have gone up must be carried out by the Faculty of Arts and Science before any further moves are made to force marks down.

E.C.C. STOPS SMOKING IN LECTURE HALLS



THE GOOD OLD DAYS!



The University in the urban community

For universities to continue to enjoy the advantages of their urban position, it is important that they "assume responsibility for the development of urban and regional civilization."

It is apparent today that in Ontario cities the "whole mechanism of community life and executive direction, programming and planning" is "behind the lines," and is totally unprepared to face the future. We need new "community machinery, new community thinking, new community leaders, and new powers of local government." The University has a special role to play in regard to these needs. As Fred Harvey Harrington, president of the University of Wisconsin, has aptly said: "The university is a central unit in modern culture... It is the gate to life and leader-

ship in this land... There is no doubt about it. The university... can change the world and often does."

Unfortunately, the universities in Ontario, in specific, the University of Toronto has never come to see the possibilities of dealing with the complexities of urban concentration. More often U. of T's interests have been "peripheral rather than central and superficial rather than fundamental." The charge that universities are afraid of involving itself in the "actual life of the larger community" was levied by Sydney Harris, who concluded that "if universities cannot intellectualize their neighbourhoods, at least to some degree, then their influence on the social current is negligible, and their pretension to significance is absurd."

An example of the University of Toronto accepting the "community challenge" would be for the administration, or those in charge of courses, to encourage urbanism as an appropriate field of study.

Erindale College of the University of Toronto is situated in the second-fastest growing urban centre in North America. The College has yet to realize its central task... "to analyze its problems, to research and comment about them, to commit university resources and to enlist those of the community so that the quality of urban life can be improved."

For the insights of the philosopher, the artist, and the scientist can all be employed to help this city fulfill the promise of urban living.

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Letters To The Editor

Reginald
September 17, 1974.

Dear Editor:

My name is Reginald E. Bailey. I'm presently an inmate at the United States Penitentiary at McNeil Island in the State of Washington. I'm 27 years old, black, born under the sign of Aquarius, 5'9 1/2", 165 lbs. I am very open-minded and I hail from the nation's capital.

The capital purpose for the correspondence is in hope that your paper will aid me in the establishment of outside contact with any young lady who wishes or would consider corresponding to me. I write poetry and would love to send any young lady any of my many poems I have composed.

Since my incarceration, my so-called friends and acquaintances have shown their true loyalty by not writing letters to me, and being so far away from my hometown, it is very depressing not to be able to establish myself with the reality of the outside. I humbly implore your paper to assist me in this desperate quest.

Peace
Reginald Bailey

Why waste time on SAGE

Editor:

If you cannot find better things to write about than the ineptitude

of SAGE I feel that you should just stop bothering to print your newspaper. We are all aware of the shortcomings of our student government without being constantly reminded by Medium 11.

It would be best if your paper forget about this puppet government and gear towards the next elections, thus insuring that Erindale can never again be plagued by such incompetence.

Every time I see a story or column with SAGE as a heading I just do not bother to read it. I instead sit and worry about the possibility that our government has donated this year's entire budget to a bird sanctuary.

Yours,
Sing Lane.
Yr. I

"Aftermath" is a fresh look

Editor:

I would just like to say that I am pleased to see your new column entitled "Aftermath". It was getting a little tiring just reading about rock and folk each week. J. D. Linton has done a good job.

Frank Acambro
Psy.II

Dear Sir:

As a long-time resident of Mississauga, I've been frustrated over the years at the grossly inefficient service that the Mississ-

All letters should be addressed to the Editor, c/o Medium 11, room 5005, South Building. They must be double spaced, typed and limited to 250 words. Medium 11 reserves the right to edit for length and grammar. Name and address must be included for legal purposes but the name will be withheld upon request. Deadline: Fri. 5 p.m.

auga Transit has provided to the citizenry.

Normally, I have boycotted the service entirely, but with the College's dropping of its Charterways system, I have had to use them all over again. Their many marvellous bloopers are nothing new to me. It is a great relief to finally see the Transit get their dues, in the form of the Referendum and other such action that is in process at long last.

Sincerely,
Ruth Bennett,
Biology II.

Protests Referendum

Dear Sir:

I am writing to protest your referendum on the Mississauga Transit. You seem to overlook the fact that the Mississauga Transit is one of the fastest growing transit systems in North America, and that problems are inherent in any young and expanding system. I certainly hope you will not stoop lower to the depths of yellow journalism to pursue your unjustified attack on such a fine and efficient service.

I certainly hope this letter is printed. I have noticed a remarkable lack of criticism of your paper printed. It's a poor paper that will not allow criticism of itself to be printed within its pages. Name withheld on request.

"... Horrendous Conditions"

Editor:

I am pleased to see that your paper has taken the initiative to lead criticism of the Mississauga Transit service (or lack of it).

It is too bad that our great student government cannot see the necessity to take any action on behalf of the inhabitants of this college. Perhaps, if they were to put forth OFFICIAL complaints something might be done to improve the horrendous conditions we are made to withstand.

Yours,
Yr. I.

"Bravo to you"

Dear Sir:

Re: your referendum on the Mississauga Transit.

It's about time somebody got off their butts and did something constructive about the deplorable transit system at the College, and within the city of Mississauga. Congratulations on taking a firm stand, and doing something about the situation.

I only wish that you had pursued the matter further in September when you first began your saga on the Mississauga Transit. As usual, the press of this country must act before any government will even start to move.

Bravo to you!

J. Cherry
HISI

Feedback

by John Panjer

Question: How does the non-smoking rule in lecture

halls at Erindale, introduced by the ECC, affect you?

STEVE EYERS
Arts I

Personally smoke bothers and irritates me because I don't smoke. It annoys me to have someone blowing smoke in my face while I'm concentrating. I think it's a good rule."

MARY DYSON
Arts & Science II

"I think it's the best thing that ever happened at Erindale. I don't smoke."

CHERYL WALKER
Science II

"I feel that for non-smokers, it is a good idea. The smokers may feel badly. As an ex-smoker, I am greatly relieved."

AUCKBARAULLEE EHSAN
Science II

"I smoke but the non-smoking rule in the lecture halls doesn't affect me."

LUIS NUNEZ
Science II

"Pot isn't everything."

VIVIANE LAPIERRE
Arts & Science I

"It's good for the people who don't smoke, but I feel sorry for the people who smoke because they suffer."

Vasectomy . . .

Continued from page 3

Which means you have to put more power into the follow-through. Actually, in many cases this is an advantage, because too much emphasis is often put on the backswing. An exaggerated backswing can throw off your balance, and your shots can go wild. Many of my clients have come to me saying their slices have completely disappeared. In fact some even said they were getting better distance off the tee.

Medium II: Uh... I see. Doctor, how have you found the reaction of the general public to this new and innovative approach to birth control?

Dr.: A lot of people are really against it. Some think it's a disgusting filthy, perverted thing to do. Frankly, I find it quite exciting.

Medium II: Because of the newfound freedom your clients have gained?

Doctor: No, I just like looking at peoples' privates.

Medium II: A lot of people are against vasectomy simply because it is a complex and dangerous operation. Is this true?

Dr.: No! No! Far from it! Any guy with a sharp knife and a PhD. can do it.

Medium II: Then the tools aren't even very complex?

Dr.: No, you can use pretty well anything to snip 'em with, as long as he's drugged 'til he can't feel a thing. I prefer using a sand-wedge myself.

Medium II: I beg your pardon? Dr.: A sand-wedge... or a nine iron if I think my hand's steady enough.

Medium II: I don't understand. How does a nine iron get used in a vasectomy?

Dr.: The same as usual—make sure the legs are spread comfortably, short backswing, and keep you eye on the balls! Follow-through should be quick and clean, and try to get good lift on it. Remember, line up your shot carefully. Taking up a divot could cost you a law suit, and if you top it, well your patient could have a few unwanted pregnancies on his hands. I've got a perfect par record so far. The Club's very proud of me.

Medium II: I think that's about all I...

Dr.: Would you like to see my trophies?

Medium II: No, that's fine. You've been very co-operative.

Dr.: You could say there's a vas deference between me and the rank amateur. Ho! Ho! Ho! Medium II: Yes, well thank-you doctor.

Dr.: Hey, did you hear the one about the perverted eunuch who...

Medium II: Shut up. Doctor Leopold Welby with the truth about vasectomy. I hope he has dispelled some of the uh, myths about this new science.

Dr.: ...Couldn't tell her ass from a hole in the ground! Ho! Ho! Ho!

S.A.G.E. COMMENTARY

by R. J. Szalay

Communications Commission report

The first term of the 1974-75 saw a great deal of innovation in the communications media. It marked the return of S.A.G.E.'s policy setting standards by which the media's budgetary demands were judged, as well as guidelines to which the media have adhered.

As they stand now, C.F.R.E. and Medium II have used up half of their respective budgets, and should be in operation until April.

Medium II's first term started off on a shaky footing with its first issue, but since then it has well satisfied the Media Policy's standards and plans to upgrade even more this term.

C.F.R.E.. Radio Erindale enjoyed an unprecedented, favourable response due largely to the fact that its distribution has been expanded since last year. Some problems have cropped up in the distribution system, however, causing interference and distortion in some of the residences. As far as we can ascertain this is due to a faulty conduit, a problem which at present, we can do nothing about. Servicing of the system by C.F.R.E. technicians promised during the holidays, has been delayed due to lack of manpower during that period. Servicing should resume this month.

Toward the end of the first term, some of the people whose notices were posted with S.A.G.E. validation, expressed annoyance over the fact that these notices were removed before they had expired. We offer our apologies though this was a result of some differences of opinion certain people had with us. The problem has since been solved, so that notices posted this term should remain posted until

they expire. The validation periods vary depending on the size of the notices submitted.

S.A.G.E. monitors non-disciplinary notice boards at the request of the college administration, in order to eliminate clutter, which makes notice boards something less than effective. In order to increase the effectiveness of the notice boards, we are planning to introduce a system of colour schemes to add more eye appeal.

In an effort to improve communication between S.A.G.E. and you, the Communications Commission is planning a series of "bearpit" sessions to be held at various places on the Erindale campus, at which I and my associate commissioner, Boy Sabza, and various members of the S.A.G.E. council will be present. The purpose of these sessions is to hear your suggestions and criticisms regarding S.A.G.E., the college, and any problems you have which you feel we could help solve. Dates, times, and locations of the sessions will be submitted to Medium II, C.F.R.E., and posted on the notice boards when they are finalized.

Finally, there are three types of media on our campus—a news tabloid, a radio system and notice boards. If you feel that any improvements (i.e. different modes of communication between you, S.A.G.E. and the college) can be made in campus communications at Erindale, please write your suggestions, and leave them in room 114B (North Building), or in the S.A.G.E. office (South Building). Interesting replies will be forwarded to C.F.R.E. and Medium II and broadcasted or printed at their discretion.

Good luck in your second term.

No more pubs . . .

Continued from Page 1

to reliable sources) was passed off by the fact that Mr. Smith himself did not know about the closing.

According to an LLBO official, however, the pub can serve beer on a normal license. Bill 146, he stated, was designed simply to eliminate the need for the special occasion permits. The spokesman told Medium II that there are four areas at Erindale which

are licensed or can obtain licenses. These are: Colman House, Meeting Place Coffee Shop, Main Cafeteria, and the Watering Hole.

Erindale's regular license is presently being reviewed. All licenses applied for by any of the University of Toronto's colleges are reviewed by a central board within the University, headed by Alec Malcolm. Once the plan is sent to the LLBO, the recommendations are made and an inspector is sent if needed.



Referendum

The Proposal

The Referendum, respectfully submits the following public measures to popular vote:

- that the present Erindale College Administration publicly recognize the incompetent behavior of Mississauga Transit.
- that the said administration draft a formal complaint, emphasizing the importance of correcting stated grievances. Should the formal letter prove to be ineffective,
- that the said Administration support an active boycott of Mississauga Transit.
- that the said Administration help provide capital to rent alternative buses.
- that excuses like "... the present budget is already deficated," be rendered useless, because the wellbeing of the college is wholly dependent upon an efficient transit system.
- that all votes be calculated in the University Journal Office, before witnesses.
- that figures will be released simultaneously to the said Administration and the officials of Mississauga Transit, thereafter released CORAM POPULO.

Grievances that lead to the Proposal

—The realization that Mississauga Transit offers inferior services than those given in past years. And that the said Transit system continues to allow:

- unreliable time schedules.
- drivers of the said Transit system to determine their own routes, often leaving patrons to unexpectedly walk to their destinations.

—drivers to go uninformed of all inter-connecting Mississauga Transit routes.

—the present shuttle bus service which serves Erindale College, and which further entails waiting an extra 30 to 45 minutes for the service to commence.

Medium II

- ☐ Agree with the Referendum
☐ Disagree with the Referendum

NAME

(Please check the appropriate box below)

- ☐ Faculty ☐ Staff ☐ P/T Student ☐ F/T Student ☐ Other

Drop boxes have been arranged at the following locations:

Medium II Office	Room 5005
S.A.G.E. Office	Room 2077
Journal Photo-graphic Office	Room 169
Registrar Offices	Room 216
	Room 2122

FOREPLAY

By Greg Tyndall

David Bromberg:
Demon in Disguise

Anyone who frequents the Mariposa Folk Festival regularly is bound to have lasting nightmares when David Bromberg's name gets mentioned. Guitarists, be it blues, classical or bluegrass, all shove their Martins and Gibsons a little further back into the case when Bromberg walks by them. The island retreat isn't the same when Bromberg's name is left off the programme. Of course, it's not the same when it's left on either.

David Bromberg used to be called the "invisible man", one who worked on everyone else's album except his own. Bob Dylan seemed pleased with Bromberg's backing guitar work on many of his albums. John Hartford decided he needed the Bromberg touch on his creations and George Harrison collaborated with David on the writing of the song The Hold-up. Suddenly, his credentials are coming to order. From a personal standpoint, his guitar playing is exact, tedious and very well engineered. Anyone hearing Roy Clark compared to Bromberg would tell you of the great similarity—less Clark's five or six years "extra trimmin's" time.

But the "invisible man" finally took off the bandages and revealed his talents. This came to us in the way of three albums on the Columbia label.

I can still remember Mariposa '72 when I stood for two hours soaked to my Fruit of the Loom listening to David Bromberg. My mouth hung open (and I may have even drooled a bit though I don't like to admit it) at the speed in which that man's fingers moved across the fretboard of his Martin. My buddy remarked, "Jesus... and I thought you were fast!" "So did I," was my reply. The classical licks, the blues runs and the jazz riffs astounded the thousands whose mouths collected raindrops as mine. I asked the little woman what she thought. "He's ten times funnier than you'll ever be," she said. And she was right. Bromberg's humor was magnificent. He had people rolling on the ground—at least, I think that's why they were rolling on the ground. So, when I acquired his first album entitled "David Bromberg", I opened up a Diamond Lager and got ready to laugh. But alas, nothing. This is part of Bromberg's problem. Unless one sees him performing live, his songs lose their vitality. I cannot say if this applies to someone doing the opposite of myself though. The material on his first LP is humorous and I imagine songs like Suffer to Sing the Blues, Pine Tree Woman and Last Song for Shelby Jean would gain many chuckles from someone who had not seen Bromberg live. The LP is mainly a blues collection with a number of traditional numbers such as the Arkansas Traveller mixed in. Suffer to Sing the Blues is an excellent example of Bromberg's humor.

"Well I got a little girl; they call her run-around-Sue
She's kind of knee-looking, but she knows how to do
Well now, old Sue she's got a boyfriend
They call him Gentleman Jim

I told her, Susan sweetheart, it's either me or him
She said, "You lose"
You've got to suffer to sing the blues."

The guitar work is excellent as usual and the blues voice Bromberg portrays matches his style, but I felt the LP was recorded in a sort of low-quality zone. This seems to be prevalent throughout his works.

"Demon in Disguise" marks a sort of turning point as blues. Diamond Lil, Tennessee Waltz and Jugband Song all come off well but there are two highlights of this album. The first is a Medley of Irish Fiddle tunes played on the guitar. Just listening to this piece once will convince you of Bromberg's talents. The second is the song Mr. BoJangles. I forgot to mention the fact that Bromberg backed Jerry Jeff Walker for a time. Included in this rendition is an explanation of the song, how Jerry Jeff wrote it and the hilarious conditions about the composition and a classical derived lead to end the song that the Dirt Band couldn't even attempt. This is the second best way of doing BoJangles I have heard. The first was Sammy Davis Jr. but who can compete with the master? Bromberg's humor is again present on the album such as Jugband Song.

"Well, she's got eyes like crystal waters
Lips like sherry wine
A body like fine brandy and a soul like turpentine
Oh, Mama you treat your daddy so damn mean
When I ask for water she brings me gasoline."

Bromberg's songs seem less disjointed and the recording is a little better but one feels the LP is lacking something.

"Wanted Dead or Alive" is Bromberg's best try to date. The cover pictures Bromberg on top of the Empire State Building much like King Kong. The premier side features all of Bromberg's originals including a repeat of The Holdup. Main Street Man is an interesting cut as is Danger Man. The flip side is dedicated the Traditional. Statesboro Blues and Kansas City are my favorites on this LP. The recording seems to be up to a level a little below par though. There are more identifiable releases on this LP and this is what segregates it from his earlier efforts. The orchestration provided by the back-up band is adequate but the music on the whole is harsh, a driving sort of blues.

David Bromberg
Columbia
C31104

Demon in Disguise
David Bromberg
Columbia, KC131753

Wanted Dead or Alive
David Bromberg
Columbia, KC 32717

There is no denying Bromberg's talents in the blues area. He has mastered the guitar and as well has developed his own style in an area where individuals find it hard to be themselves. One can see the development with

AFTERMATH

Nikolai Rimsky - Koraskov Scheherazade

Give me five minutes, and I'll tell you something that will fascinate you. I'm going to talk about SCHEHERAZADE, Rimsky-Korsakov's stirring rendition of several tales of the Arabian Nights. Like most Russians music of the nineteenth century, it is based upon folklore and legend, although it is somewhat unusual that these are not native to Russia in this case. In any event, the setting is this: the wicked Sultan Schariar, swearing revenge (for some obscure reason) on the whole of Womankind, has vowed to marry a different girl every-day and to execute his new bride on the eve of their wedding day, after having had his evil way with her. An erotic fantasy if ever there was one. Anyway, according to the story, one day he married the princess Scheherazade who managed to outwit the old lecher.

Scheherazade's plan was to tell the Sultan the first part of a story just before her execution, a story so fascinating to the old boy that

he couldn't bear to have the tale interrupted when it came time for the young lady to keep her appointment with the axe. Scheherazade consented to tell the rest of the story the following evening, and so her hour of doom was deferred a day (the soap-opera principle). She kept this up for a thousand and one nights when the Sultan finally realized what a pompous asshole he'd been, and relented. Happy ending.

According to legend, all the tales were collected by the Sultan (who had since turned into a kind and loving husband) and handed down from generation to generation, under the general title of the Arabian Nights. In the 1880's a Russian fellow, Rimsky-Korsakov, decided that some of them would lend themselves readily to musical translation; thus SCHEHERAZADE was born.

The work is a symphonic suite of four episodes, each representing a scene from the stories. The most dynamic and interesting movement is by far the first; entitled "The Sea and Sinbad's Ship," it is a vivid portrayal of the sweeping up-and-down motion of a ship on a swelling sea. Rimsky-Korsakov had put the violins to good use here—they play long drawn-out notes suggestive of the rolling motion of the waves, then suddenly jump

down a fourth, a surprise move that is echoed a bar or so later. The whole effect is a very vivid one, and sets the pace for the entire suite.

The sweet princess Scheherazade introduces each movement but the third. She is represented by a solo violin playing to the background of a harp plucking major and diminished chords. The result may seem corny, but it does remind one of a princess, especially when it is set against the image of the evil Sultan, who is represented by blaring horns and fast-paced, angry music.

SCHEHERAZADE is the type of music that either appeals to you or it doesn't. The flavor of the work is distinctly Arabic, and, once the pace of the thing has been set in the first five minutes or so, the rest pretty much follows the pattern, diminishing in intensity. Usually, the first movement is enough for me.

An unusually good recording of SCHEHERAZADE is that by the U.S.S.R. Symphony under the direction of Yevgeny Svetlanov, on the Angel. If this should prove too expensive, there is a recording on the London label (Pierre Montevx conducting the London Symphony) that is not bad. Needless to say, the DGG version is excellent.

Are my five minutes up yet?



Something to "cheers" about:

Now the glorious beer of Copenhagen is brewed right here in Canada. It comes to you fresh from the brewery. So it tastes even better than ever.

And Carlsberg is sold at regular prices.

So let's hear it, Carlsberg lovers. "One, two, three... Cheers!"

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THEATRE

Toronto Workshop Productions

by Cathie Rosa
and Ted Dodd

In early November, the Toronto Workshop Productions' home at 12 Alexander Street was gutted by fire. The city's oldest professional theatre company was faced with frustrations and losses in equipment, costumes and building facilities.

The fire occurred just before the opening of *You Can't Get Here from There*. The verdict of the origin of the fire was careless smoking. However, because of the play's political nature (it is about the 1973 Chilean revolution and Canada's immigration policy) arson investigations were also made.

With great support from the Toronto Arts Productions, The National Ballet Company and Toronto's theatre community, TWP was able to quickly rally and produce three shows for the Christmas season.

A new home was found for Mr. Pickwick at the Town Hall at the St. Lawrence Centre. This was a revival of the Jack Winter's authored and George Luscombe directed production.

It is a dramatization of the Dickens classic. It is offered as a Christmas tidbit, ripe with Victorian trimmings, wassail and skating. Mr. Pickwick, played by Ted Follows and his band of followers, The Pickwick Club, are delightful light entertainment.

The design work is wisely and cleverly conceived but, perhaps, due to fire damages and rushes of time, poorly executed. The production is full of typical George Luscombe ingenuities. We see, the action interspersed with song, the plot fragmented and lots of mime work.

The frivolity is cut short in the last act when the social comments of the play are so heavily-handedly introduced. The trial, the jail scene and characterizations self-consciously change the whole tone of the end of the play. The themes of poverty, death and social awareness are not out of our heads, when the cast undauntingly bounces out for the curtain call to sing a Merry Christmas. Bizarre.

You Can't Get Here From There has finally opened at Toronto Workshop Productions. This was to be the play to open

their new season until the fire.

The set and costumes are now re-created. The set by Astrid Janson is imaginative and mystical. It looks like an "anyplace". The set is a rectangular box formed by two walls and the floor being covered by white shag rug and two walls of swinging plexi-glass windows used as doors or windows or other various boards. The sanitary atmosphere of the box is to portray the Canadian idea of cleanliness. This white antiseptic atmosphere is very interesting to view while waiting for the play to begin. But then, the characters are most often costumed in white or silver. The Canadian Embassy and the home of the Canadian Ambassador are the settings that are most often used. The workers of the Canadian Embassy and those in the home of Ambassador, all in white becomes very obsessive. The whiteness, cleanliness and lack of contrast becomes very disturbing.

Due to the lack of action in the play the white figures seem so ghostly and ominous. The attack on the Canadian lack of help in the Allende massacre becomes almost lost as you try to keep your eyes focussed on the brilliant set.

The cast made up of Milo Ringham, Suzette Couture, Calvin Butler, David Clement, Robert Benson and Michael Marshall portray their parts well, from the stuffy, snobby wife of the Ambassador right down to the brainless secretary to the Ambassador, Ms. Perque (pronounced Perk).

The narrator gloss read by Maria Enriquez backed up by Barton Wigg on the guitar was unfortunately lost on the audience. The heavy accent of Ms. Enriquez made it difficult to understand.

I feel the stage set overpowered the lack of mobility in the play stifling the sense of the production.

Ten Lost Years

The depression, 1929-1939 is quickly becoming a period of our history alluded to but not lived through.

Jack Winter and Cedric Smith tried to recreate flashes of the Great Depression from the book by Barry Broadfoot. George Luscombe directed the cast of ten

through the bad and worse times that had to be survived.

Even though money was short, often to the point of non-existence, and jobs were less than scarce the people still seemed to be able to look to someplace called "the brighter side".

One of the most exciting pieces of the show, was where we watched the men looking for jobs riding the box cars. Two squares of light on the stage are used to represent the box cars. We watch them jump on the trains, fall flat when the train enters a tunnel. We also feel the plight of the men as they meet trains going east as they are going west, hearing that there is no work at either end of the line.

Radio shows were one of the pastimes for the people of the day, if they could afford one. If someone could, the neighborhood would all flock to that house to hear the sweet voice of Shirley Temple (making a million dollars a year and having no idea of a depression.) The radio serials were one of the big rages. The cast amusingly does a radio show for our entertainment. The sound effects man is truly incredible, making tobacco cans and wire sound like doors slamming and banging.

The music and lighting had a tremendous effect on the play. The laments of the people sung in chorus by the cast coloured the sad events of the depression. The lighting could isolate and point desperately to the plight of the poor.

The play was an enthralling piece of history and an exciting journey into the lives of those that lived through the Great Depression.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The University Literary Journal will be on the stands today.
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Raisin: Music Fulfills Shortcomings of Storyline

by Harrie Vredenburg

One of the big name shows (O'Keefe Centre) in Toronto over the school break was *Raisin*, the Broadway musical adapted from the book *A Raisin in the Sun*. The music in the show was fine, some of the acting was excellent, some of the singing voices were superb, it was a pity the show had to have a story.

Perhaps this is more a comment on the musical as a form of theatre than specifically on *Raisin*, but somehow it seems that had the production been merely a musical presentation, it would have fared infinitely better than in the present form where the music had to uncomfortably follow some sort of story framework.

The scene with the entire African chorus performing a tribal dance to the heavy music of the congos was simply beautiful. It related only tangentially though to the story line of the Chicago black family trying to decide what to do with the \$10,000 inherited at the death of the

family's patriarch: move out of the tenement into white suburbia as Mama (Virginia Capers) proposes, or invest it in a liquor store partnership as Walter Lee Younger (Joe Morton) proposes. Walter Lee finally gets his way and loses all the money.

Actually the story line is no less corny, no less interesting than a poor situation comedy T.V. show which gets pulled half-season. The performance, however, was excellent. Virginia Capers is one of the most fantastic stage people I have ever seen. She has a huge powerful singing voice and an extremely strong stage presence as Mama that is almost incredible for such a weak play. Herb Downer showed off a fine bass voice in his rather silly role of Joseph Asagai, the Nigerian student who dates Ruth (Ernestina Jackson). The thirteen year old wonderchild (Darrin Green) was also amazingly good in his role as Travis, especially in the musically moving church revival scene which I still can't quite relate to the storyline.

Christmas Saga . . .

Continued from page 3

To rid ourselves of those annoying little particles, we both doused ourselves in the ocean. Then, finally stretching out on the sand, Mike and I promptly fell asleep.

At this point I must pose a question: Have any of you ever gone to bed before, and wakened up later with first degree burns?

You feel like a danish someone forgot about in the oven.

That same day, Mike and I got a refund on our Coppertone bottles, exchanging them for some Solarcaine.

So it goes . . .

New Years Eve, images of 1984.

The rumours have it that last year there was a riot on the beach—cars overturned—bricks through windows. Everyone, including the police, were taken by surprise.

Not a chance of that this year. Police everywhere, helmets, tear gas—streets blocked from traffic—helicopters with spotlights.

Somehow Happy New Year cannot be shouted too clearly through gas masks.

Spent New Years Eve in our room—scared as shit to go out in the street.

Day dawns (which is customary regardless of what kind of fuck-up the night before was).

Mike and I perform the three P's before leaving Miami—pack, pay and piss.

The drive home—same as going, simple reverse events.

No problem at the border this time. Mike let me out of the trunk once we reached Windsor.

Onto Canadian soil—knew I was when the temperature suddenly dropped 25 degrees and the scent of pine filled my nose.

Back home—question period: How was it? What did you do? Where did you go?

Sit down and tell me all about it.

"Can't sit, gotta stand." Goddamn sunburn.

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RELIGION

... IN SERVICE

By John Kerry

Before I get into the main body of this week's column I wish to extend an invitation to you readers. If any of you have any questions which you would like to ask, feel free to do so. A letter addressed to John Kerry, Religion Column, Rm. 5005 should reach me. I will try to answer all questions which I receive. The questions can be on any aspect of religion.

In this respect, you can consider this column the beginning. I plan to answer a question this week. Although I haven't been asked this one lately, I have heard it before. It is a fairly common one, particularly among newcomers to the faith. Some of you may have asked the same question yourselves. Others among you may be asking it now. If this be the case, I hope this discourse can be of some aid to you as I attempt to answer the question, "How can I serve the Lord best?"

As I said, this is a fairly common question. Despite this, however, the answer eludes some people. I think part of the reason for this is due to the simplicity of the answer. The best way to serve the Lord is to be yourself. It's as simple as that. In fact, maybe it's too simple. Perhaps the answer is too pat. Maybe it needs some fleshing out, some explaining done. I think it does. So here follows an explanation.

When I refer to being yourself, what I mean is to be the individual that you are. Each person is an individual, different from the next person. No two persons are the same. They never have been and never will. When all mankind becomes the same, when no individuality exists, then mankind will no longer be human. Instead we'll be mechanisms.

Why does this situation exist? Why is each man unique? What is the *raison d'être* for such individuality? Is there a reason for it? There is. Although I don't like using the phrase myself, in this case I feel I must. The reason that this uniqueness exists is due to the fact that that's the way God planned it. Admittedly it sounds corny but nonetheless it's true.

Now we know that each man is a unique individual. But why or rather how is this so? What causes this uniqueness? What factors are responsible? There are several factors. The first is physical appearance. Personality is a second reason. Interests

are another factor. And finally we have the abilities or talents of the individual. All these are factors which contribute to the uniqueness of an individual. However, it is only with the last one, the person's talents or abilities which we shall concern ourselves with.

The best way one can serve the Lord is to use his talents that are given to him in the best way and in praise of the Lord. We all have a different set of talents. Therefore we all praise the Lord and serve the Lord in different ways. In Corinthians 12:56 the apostle Paul states: There are different ways of serving but the same Lord is served. There are different abilities to perform service, but the same God gives ability to everyone for all services.

How best can you serve the Lord? By using those abilities which you possess the best way you can to that purpose. Don't mope because you lack such and such a gift, but rather be happy that you have another. Sure sometimes you will mope, just don't overdo it. It's probably egotistical but I'm going to use myself as an example of what I'm talking about. One of the talents I don't possess is singing. I am a rotten singer. It's a minor miracle if I can hit the right notes, even for a few bars. However, I don't let this bug me. Instead I ascertained what talents I do have, and then used them. I have a mild writing ability, although this column is doubtful evidence of that.

Gas Bars . . .

Continued from Page 2

and leaves the motorists with no automotive services.

These new self-serve stations cause consumers to pump their own gas and they, in effect, eliminate someone else's job on the labor force. Another fact the research group obtained was that the dealer-oil company relationship is being constantly investigated by the members of the provincial government concerned with enforced enforcement of the combines investigation act.

Research members were: Robin Duke, Joe Guerrisi, Romualdo Leo, Louise Wolfram, Mary Ann Luckett, Isabel Rodrigues, John Znidar, Sue Stanton and Heather Gillett.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS EVENTS

Sports Announcement
Women's Basketball

ATTENTION! MISS, MRS. & MS.

Women's intramural Basketball has arrived at Erindale College. Have some fun and exercise at the same time! Games will be played on Tues. and Thurs. between 12.00 and 2.00 in the Gym.

Sign up your team or yourself in Room 1114 by January 22, and the organizational meeting January 27 at 3.00 in the ECARA Lounge.

IT'S ABOUT TIME WOMEN AT ERINDALE GOT INVOLVED!

Coed Basketball

In an effort to keep the appearance of the students at Erindale slim, we are now offering Co-ed Basketball on Alternate Monday nights between 7 and 9. If you are interested in maintaining your figure whilst having some fun, sign up a team or yourself in Rm. 1114 by January 24th.

There will be an organizational meeting for all people intending to play, and it is imperative for everyone to attend, on January 27th at 5 p.m. in the ECARA lounge. If you do want to play please inform Mrs. McMaster whether or not you will be at the meeting.

Women's Ice Hockey

There's a Women's Ice Hockey game vs. St. Mike's on Tuesday,

January 21 at Cawthra west arena. Starting time is 4.30 p.m.

Basketball Game

The Erindale Warriors have a basketball game Wednesday, January 22nd. The home game begins at 8 p.m. Come on out and watch.

Floor Hockey

Any individuals still wishing to sign up for intramural floor hockey have their last chance January 17.

The final payment of \$100 for the Mount Ste.-Anne ski trip is due Friday, January 17th. NO LATER!

FLOOR HOCKEY—An individual still wishing to sign up for intramural floor hockey have their last chance January 17.

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HOCKEY

Division I	W	L	Pts
Plumb Bobs	4	0	12
Watt's Twatts	2	2	8
Polacks and Others	2	2	8
Commerce Game	1	3	6
Sweet 69ers	1	3	6

Division II

Wrecking Crew	4	0	12
Dipsticks	3	1	10
Urindale Ukes	2	2	8
Born Losers	0	4	4

BASKETBALL

Team	W	L	D	Pts
Linklarks	4	1	0	13
Polacks and Others	4	0	1	12
Resident Randies	2	3	1	9
Harrie's Pussies	2	3	0	9
Pinetrees	2	1	0	7
Ballers	0	4	1	4
The Rimmers	0	4	1	4

+E.C.C.S.A. disqualified

Housman

"Shoulder the sky my lad, and drink your ale".

(Last Poems)

Shakespeare

"For a quart of ale is a dish for a king".

(The Winter's Tale)

Borrow

"Good ale, the true and proper drink..."

(Lavengro)

Browning

"There they are, my fifty men and women".

(One Word More)

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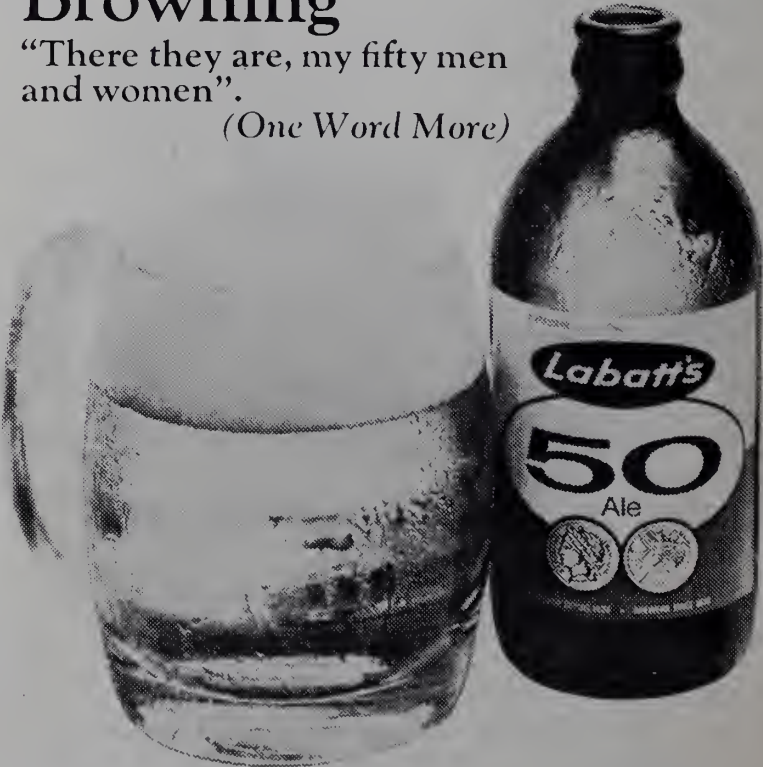
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